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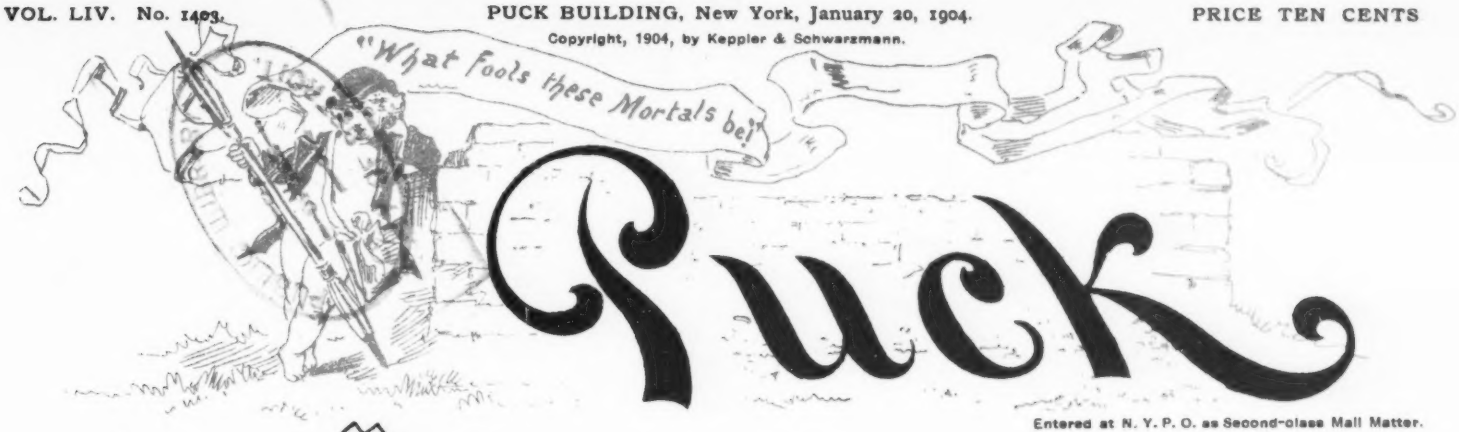

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PEACE
RUSSIA
ENGLAND
FRANCE
GERMANY
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AUSTRIA
CHINA
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Keppler

A HOUSE OF CARDS.

THE COMPOSITE GIRL.

THE EYES of fair Jenny we 'll give her,
The smooth classic brow of dear Lou,
The nose of Marie then deliver,
The red smiling mouth of sweet Prue;
The hair of Amanda, the figure
Of Gertrude, of Helen the smile—
And then if you 'll add but the fortune
Of Sally, I 'll take her on trial.

William Wallace Whitelock.

HIS AMBITION.

THE DOOR of the office of the Central Labor Union was hesitatingly pushed open, and a meek and mild little speck of a man stood bowing and perspiring in the opening. His eyes were a washed-out blue, his nose an almost vanished quantity, his mouth was pursed up like one more used to counting pennies than setting-'em-up for the crowd, and his chin was so shy and retiring that you 'd feel uncomfortable if you noticed it at all.

"I 've decided that I 'd like to join the Union," he piped, in a thin, small voice.

"That so?" queried the secretary, gruffly.

"Yes, sir; yes, sir; very much indeed, thank you," piped the stranger, nervously.

"Well, which Union?" asked the secretary, roughly.

"Why—er—why, I dunno. Does it make any difference?" quavered the stranger, uncertainly.

"Whatcher trade? Whatcher been doin' all your life?" demanded the secretary, impatiently.

"Why, getting the meals when we have n't any cook," answered the stranger, brightening up, "and minding the babies when we have n't any nurse, and looking after the garden when we have n't any man, and taking care of the house generally when my wife 's off visiting or too busy with her clubs and things, and tending the furnace, and fetching in the coal, and taking out the ashes, and puttying up the windows, and putting on washers, and chopping the wood, and driving a nail or a screw in this, that, or the other thing, and sweeping and dusting sometimes, and glueing together things, and—and—oh, I do lots of things, besides earning a living for my family between whiles. And now I 'd like to join the Union, if you please," he added, anxiously.

"Huh!" snorted the secretary. "Whatcher mean? Whatcher want to join a Union for, anyways?"

"Because I want to strike," explained the stranger, patiently.

Alex. Ricketts.

SADLY HANDICAPPED.

TOMMY COD.—I wish I was a flying-fish, Ma.

MAMA COD *(in surprise)*.—Why, dear?

TOMMY COD.—Just think how easy they can get out of danger when a dog-fish goes mad!

REFORM.

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
During all the campaign's stress and storm,
But he got the plums,
While others got crumbs,
For that is the way with reform.

A CUTTING INSINUATION.

THE MAID.—Just think, Norah, it took the hairdresser an hour and a half to put my hair in this style.

THE COOK.—Indade! An' did yez call for it or did he sind it home?

The way of the transgressor is hard even if he turns back.

IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAYSIDE.

"Ah! Your father went to see us play Hamlet, then. And how did he like it?"
"Oh, I guess he thought it was awful good. He said it was as good as a circus."

BALLADE OF THE COMMUTER.

I COULD enjoy the mornings bright,
The rotius greeting each new day,
The hedges fringed with hawthorn white,
The meadows, where the new-mown hay
Allures a lazy soul to stray;
But if I pause in field or lane
I hear the voice of conscience say:
"You won't have time to catch the train."

I could enjoy my breakfast, quite
In leisurely, old-fashioned way,
And ponder with a wild delight
O'er politics or foreign fray,
Yet, be my coffee weak and gray,
I 've not a moment to complain —
Cries Bridget: "Sure, if ye delay
Ye 'll not 'ave toime to catch the train!"

I could enjoy in town at night
The latest music or the play,
And afterwards, perchance, a bite
At some great, laughter-filled café.
Alas! the bill-boards but portray
The pleasures from which I abstain —
My tyrant holds them all at bay;
I won't have time to catch the train.

ENVOY.

Ah, prince of mediæval sway,
Though naught was yours of modern gain,
The price of time you did not pay —
You never had to catch a train!

Charlotte Becker.

HIS PREFERENCE.

THE INQUISITIVE PARTY.— What is your favorite health food, Colonel?

COLONEL CORKRIGHT.— Rye, suh.

A DEFINITION.

TEACHER.—What is the meaning of the word "acclimated?"

LITTLE WILLIE HENNYPECK.—Why, — er-er — that is when people have been married so long that they don't mind it any more.

ONLY a boy with a wooden horse and an imagination knows what genuine rapid transit is like.

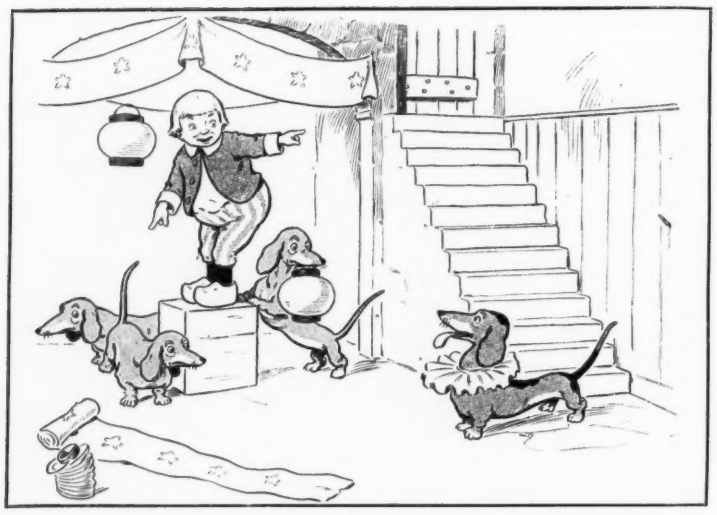
A HAPPY FACULTY.

JUDGE ORANG.— Officer, can you positively identify this Chameleon as the one who committed the crime?

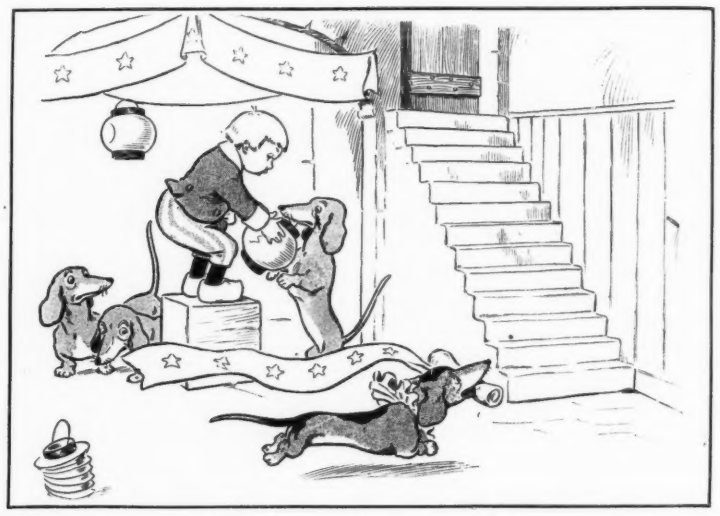
OFFICER SIMIAN.— Oi t'ink Oi cud, yer Honor, if he 'd only stop changin' color thot way.

HANS AND HIS CHUMS.

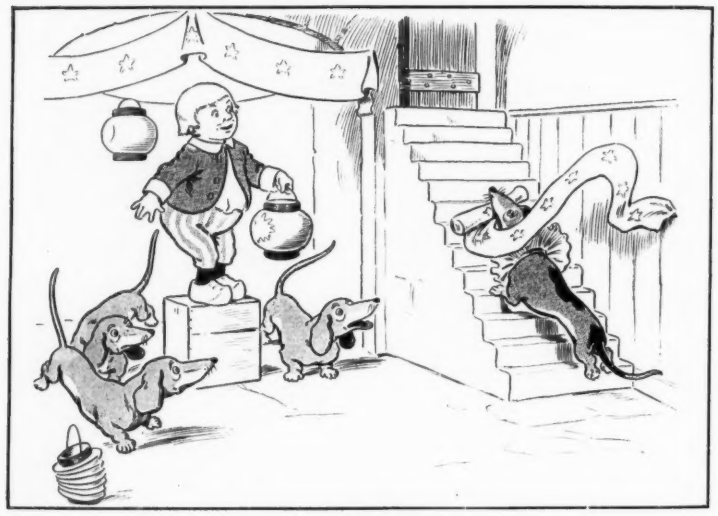
No. 23.



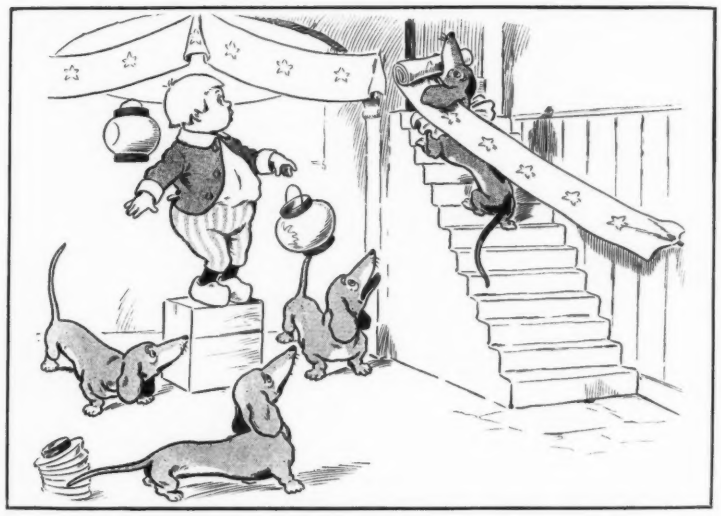
I.
"Now, Dackel," Hans exclaimed, "you dunce!
Just try to be of help for once.



II.
"He 's starting right, I do declare;
I told him, 'take it up the stair.'



III.
"My Saints," cried Hans, as Dackel sped,
"He 's really doing what I said.



IV.
"Hello! The bunting tighter grows;
But, still, he may succeed. Who knows?

V.
"Ah! Dear! It 's Dackel, after all;
I recognize him by his fall.

VI.
"But—bless me! Wonders never cease!
He now is *bound* to keep the peace!"

From present indications the last thing the Millennium will strike will be municipal politics.

WHY HE SUCCEEDED.

He *was n't* brought up on a bottle.

He played ball at four.

He studied his teachers more than he did his books, and learned more.

At eight, he sold old iron at a profit of 100 per cent.

He learned to keep his mouth shut.

He never went with anybody who knew less than he did.

He fell in love — and recovered in time.

He discovered that honesty was the best policy — in all small matters.

He learned how to be licked.

He got himself used to the idea that he was a big thing.

He controlled his face.

The only time allowed himself to read anything was when he was too much discouraged, and then he read biography.

He made all the useful enemies he could.

He made friends only of those who could get along without him.

He spent money to get money.

He never made the same mistake twice.

He first acted the part he wanted himself to be.

He considered the value of everything he did before he did it.

He slept eight hours out of every twenty-four.

He disbelieved his doctors.

He ate only those things that made him forget he had a stomach.

He was just as sympathetic as he could afford to be.

He married a homely woman.

He did n't own his own home until he could afford to lose the money that he paid for it.

The only engagements he failed to keep were with those who wanted him to endorse their notes.

He never worried when there was any occasion for it — or when there was n't.

He made a point of convincing himself that the man he was afraid of must be more afraid of him.

He never forced an issue.

He lived up to his reputation.

He bought trouble.

He never forgot the other man's profit.

He confined himself strictly to the affairs of this world.

He kept his feet warm and his head cool.

A LARGE DIFFERENCE.

YUMA IKE. — Is your brother, that lives over t' Paint Rock, seekin' political honors?

LAREDO SAM. — Naw! He 's runnin' for the legislature.

He studied other men more than anything else in the world — because they were more valuable to him.

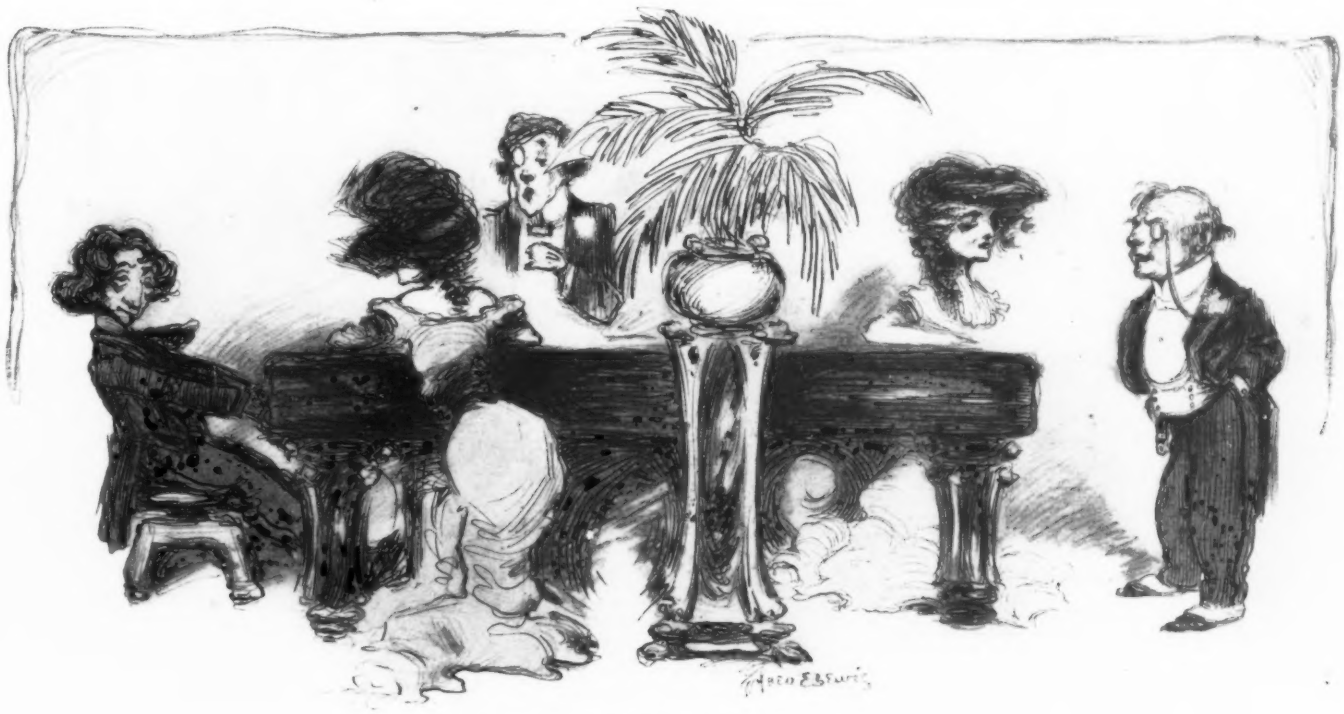
He never looked back.

He avoided theology, politics, summer resorts, draughts, cranks, and bad air.

He attended the races once a year — to see others bet.

He was good to reporters.

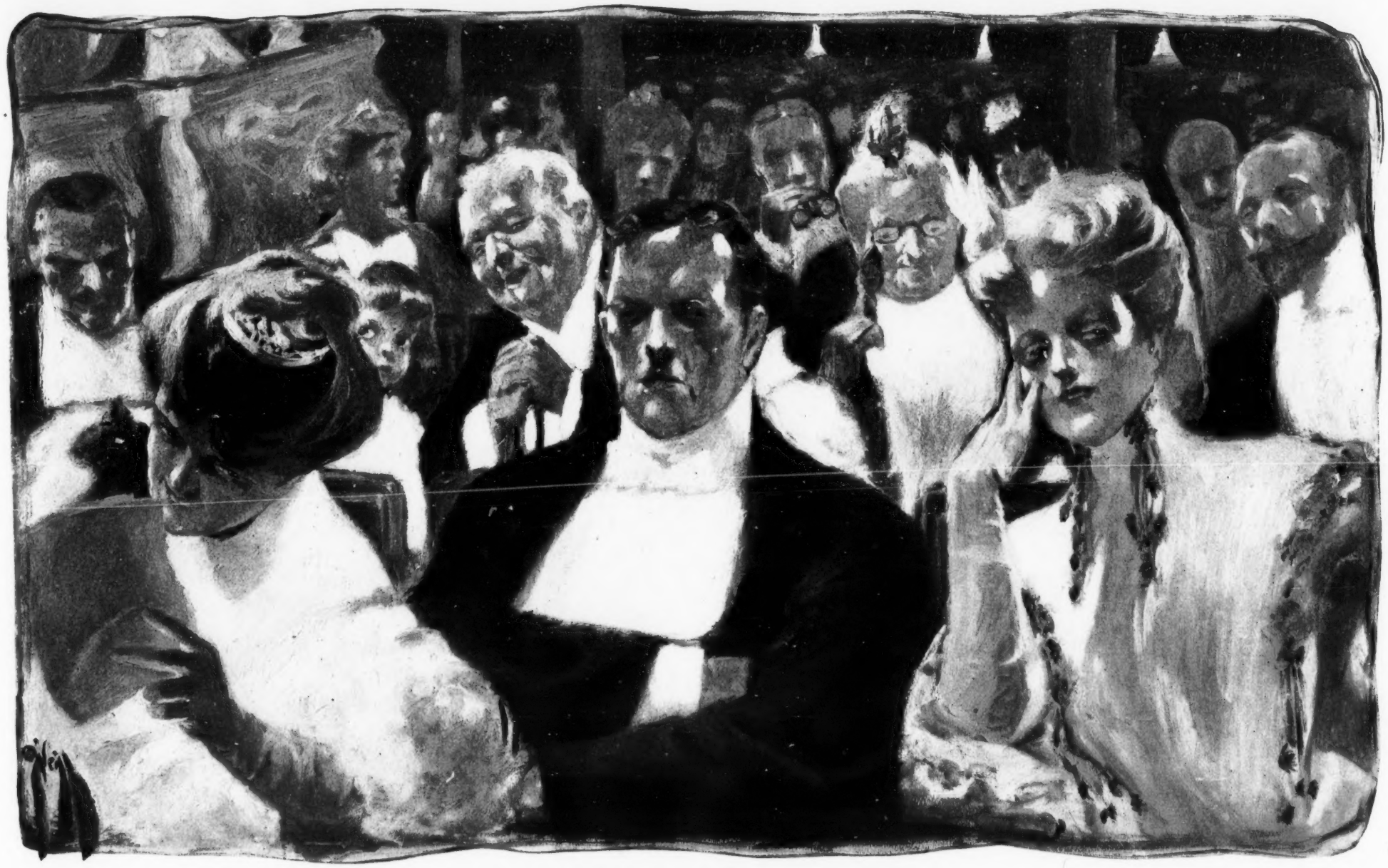
He paid cash for everything — up to the time that he could afford to keep his creditors waiting. *Tom Masson.*



A SQUEAL FROM THE TOUCHED.

MISS NEWRICHE. — Oh, Papa! He has the most delicate touch of any pianist I ever heard.

NEWRICHE. — Delicate? Great Cats! Two hundred dollars for two hours' work is what I call a pretty *healthy* touch.



BALLADE OF THE PLAY UP TO DATE.

LONG EPOCHS have sped
On Time's tireless wing
Since first it was said
The Play is the thing.

To catch-words we cling:
It 's still true to-day,
But (pardon the fling)
The Show Girl 's the Play!

The Drama is dead;
Dry, Comedy's spring,
Yet (so I have read)
The Play is the thing.

Cheap Song 's in full swing,
And Farce in full sway;
Mad Folly is King —
The Show Girl 's the Play.

For skits *sans* a thread
Bright thalers we bring,
Then murmur, misled,
The Play is the thing!

The changes they ring
Are great — in their way.
They 've us on a string! —
The Show Girl 's the Play.

The Critics still sing:
"*The Play is the thing!*"
But can not gainsay
The Show Girl 's the Play.

Edward W. Barnard.

PUCK

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Cor. Houston and Elm Sts.,
New York.

Wednesday, January 20, 1904.—No. 1403.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

AS TO EVILS HEREABOUTS. DR. PARKHURST's renewed activity, on lines with which all of us are tolerably familiar, gives rise to those inner emotions which are frequently described as conflicting. The return of Tammany to the metropolitan helm, accomplished on New Year's day with the usual exchange of pleasantries, was a muster call to the Society for the Prevention of Crime; or, in fonder terms, the Parkhurst Society. We were credibly informed that the number of the Society's agents was to be doubled at once; that other stern steps had officially been taken; and that the whole was directly preparatory to a vigorous and relentless assault upon a Tammanyized police force. Chief among the Society's objects in thus behaving is to furnish the Fusion campaign of 1905 with the data essential to success; those damning details as to pool rooms, gambling dens, dives of all kinds and varied violations of the Sunday liquor law. And by starting early, or on scratch with the administration, the Society anticipates a rich crop of proof ere the autumn to use it arrives. Whether, personally, we approve of the Society's programme, its unswerving devotion to principle must command for it respect, not to say admiration. After New York, with the exception of a single borough, has voted to install, encourage and perpetuate the self-same "vices" which Dr. Parkhurst dislikes, that organization is indeed bold which designs to win the election following by condemning most scathingly that which the public has deliberately asked for and which, very evidently, it wants. Only an optimist will impede the stream of graft, and expect public plaudits, when by the public itself the flood-gates have intentionally been opened. Still, after all, who knows? The Society *may* win out. From experience, it may have gathered, as many of us have, that to-day's "personal liberty" is to-morrow's "shameless iniquity." We are changeable folk; we voters of New York.

BULLS HERE AND THERE. NOTHING, we trust, either in or out of Democratic politics, will delay the publication of Mr. Bryan's book of travels. He admitted, while abroad, that he was enjoying himself. And through somebody's rank carelessness, the item escaped that he told Count Tolstoi he was not a socialist. But other than these, no details are known; and no impressions, save the few which Mr. Bryan himself vouchsafed on his late arrival home. The reserve array in the Bryan note book must therefore be considerable. And its natural and proper vent will be a thoughtful volume. Especially anxious are we to scan that chapter or canto which will tell in fullest terms of the Colonel's call upon the Pope. All of us were glad that, while he was down Rome way, he took the opportunity to drop in. And we readily can understand how his visit must have pleased him, as between two makers of Bulls, there was bound to be a fellow feeling. It should at once be added, however, out of fairness to the Pope, that the bulls which Mr. Bryan for the past eight years has made, most decidedly differ, both in substance and effect, from those of Roman origin. We had hoped that during his visit to the Papal seat, Mr. Bryan would be offered and would accept with thanks—at least until after the next election—a chance to deeply meditate in some secluded monastery. But this bright, airy castle, his return has rudely razed.

CONCERNING BUTTERS-IN. THE CLERGYMEN, variously denominated, who protested so sturdily against the staging of "Parsifal" have since been outnumbered by others of moderate view. This is well. It rather surprised us, we confess, when men of the cloth, one of them a bishop, based their formal protest on this remarkable ground: that the lives of the singers in private might possibly not be as stainless as the theme of the work they interpreted. Which, of course, if proven, would constitute sacrilege. It surprised us for the reason that, up to date, we have heard of no rector or bishop who opposed the preaching of the gospel because ministers, now and again, go wrong. Or, expressed in parallel, who are not as stainless in their private lives as the theme of the work they interpret. Neither morning nor evening services have been discontinued or condemned, as far as we know, because, in their private lives, some clergymen figure in divorce trials, some worthy deacons in Canadian jaunts, personally conducted, and some superintendents in bare-faced violations of Inter-State Commerce laws. Both the beam and the mote, it would seem, are present or accounted for.

OUR TENDENCY TO SHOOT. OUR FELICITATIONS to the man, the Albany law maker, who would lessen the number of shooting affrays by revoking all permits to carry fire arms. On those, moreover, who persist in retaining them and who subsequently are caught, he proposes the infliction of a heavy penalty, the establishment of which, he believes, will stimulate second thought in craniums that need it most. Our felicitations, we say, to this legislative gentleman. He has hit upon a reform which is positively Chicago in its ingenuity. Or, in other words, in its trained ability to defeat its own ends. Pass it, and the unoffending citizen, who goes home late at night, will stifle the warning of his better sense and reproach himself thus: "No; that revolver goes back in the desk. The law forbids me to carry it, so I will not." Whereas, he with a penchant for hold-ups will be all the more chipper about plying his trade and all the more likely to succeed at it, because of the good citizen's rigid regard for the statutes. Incidentally, *his* revolver will be well oiled, loaded and aimed; laws for the law-abiding being his nightly conservatism.

HORSE AND HORSE.

HOSTLER.—I let Mr. Jones take the grey cob on trial, sir.
LIVERYMAN.—Huh! That 's the last we 'll see of Jones!
HOSTLER.—Oh, I know Mr. Jones very well, sir!
LIVERYMAN.—Yes;—and I know that grey cob very well, sir!

STILL SCOLDI

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

L SCOLDING.

THE BAFFLING OF BAFFLES.

Being a Hitherto Unrecorded Adventure of the Amateur Cracksman and his Chum.

"RABBIT," said Baffles (he always called me Rabbit just to show his superiority. "Rabbit, you 've got to help me on a big job to-night."

I turned pale, for I never liked this burglar business and I had begun to hope that we were to take up city politics or some other form of crime that was safer.

"I 've got a lay all piped, as they say in Americanese, Rabbit, and it 's enough to make King Ed climb off his throne and carry out the job himself, provided I cared to tip it off to him."

"But I thought, now that the diamond necklace affair had been dramatized, we could quit the game awhile and live on the box-office royalties," I put in mildly.

"Tut, tut, Rabbit, that weak heart of yours needs a saline injection. This is going to be a clean pickup of from two to three millions in cold cash. Why, we can defy the beef trust all the rest of our natural lives if this goes through, and it 's all as easy as plucking a Chicago reformer."

With his arm on the mantlepiece, so he looked like a three-sheet poster of Kyrle Bellew, Baffles told me his plan.

"It 's that captain of industry named Schlob," said Baffles; "you remember the chap who used to be at the Head of the Pig Iron Trust and whose salary was chalked up as an object lesson in ten thousand Sunday-schools in the United States? Well, I understand he skipped a payday when he was over in Europe recently, and he got all his back pay and interest the other day. I have bribed the butler at the house, and he has told me that the salary has been deposited in a brown paper parcel in a private safe in Schlob's library. I know the exact location of the safe, for I have been talking to Schlob lately about organizing a Strawberry Box Trust and incidentally letting him win a few white chips. I have decoyed the millionaire to Pittsburg with a false telegram, and to-night at twelve o'clock the butler will admit us and we will quietly open the safe without alarming the rest of the household."

"But you don't intend to ruin the man?" I objected.

"No, of course not," said Baffles, with that smile that made him the prince of all the jimmy artists. "We'll leave him a hundred thousand or so, just to enable him to pay off his chauffeur."

* * *

At twelve o'clock, promptly, the butler carried out his part of the programme. We slipped quietly into the house, Baffles with a dark lantern and myself with our safe-breaking implements under my coat.

The library was on the second floor and we made our way to it without awakening a soul. The butler kept watch below, which enabled both of us to bend to the work of opening the safe. It was a tremendously heavy affair and it seemed made of such extra quality of metal that I despaired of being able to pierce it in time. But Baffles would not hear to the use of nitroglycerine, as he said it always tore the money, and he hated to handle tattered bills. So I bent manfully to the work, and had soon cut through the outer door. It did not take long to turn the bolts back, and then we began at the inner door. This was easier, and just before dawn it swung open. The butler had come in to warn us that the milkman would soon be along, and his eyes glistened as he saw the brown paper package.

"Give me my share!" he cried; but before he could utter another word Baffles had caught him one neatly on the point of the jaw and he went down and out. He was good for at least a half hour in dreamland, but we lost no time in gathering up our tools and the brown paper package and disappearing. It was daylight when we reached our quarters, and before breakfast time we were headed for the steamer. Two hours later we were at sea, on our way to Australia, and in our stateroom had an opportunity of examining the brown paper parcel.

"Here 's to a life of ease, Rabbit," said Baffles, as he cut the string and stripped off the brown paper.

But he looked quite as puzzled as I when, instead of money, he saw nothing but documents. He fingered the papers over and his face was ghastly as he turned to me.

"Rabbit," he said, "these are shares in the Ferryboat Building Trust, the Consolidated Ash-Can Company, the Pyrographic Sofa-Pillow Trust, the Bass-Drum Manufacturers' Combine, and the International Airship Company. The water is being squeezed out of these stocks at the rate of several million gallons a day, and the longer we hold them the more margins we will have to pay. Rabbit, by the time we reach Australia with these stocks we will be half a billion dollars in debt!"

"And if there ever was any real money in that safe that dashed butler got it when he woke up!" said I, as Baffles reached for the button and gave the drink signal.

Arthur Chapman.

HIS DEFENCE.

THE FARMER.—Come here an' git yer dinner, consarn yew! What in tarnation are yew afeerd uv? The holiday season is over.

THE GOBBLER.—Pardon my shyness, old man, but in view of my increasing embonpoint, you can't blame me for being cautious.

THE PLACE TO LOOK.

"Where 's der free public library in dis town?"

"Are you looking for knowledge?"

"Naw. I 'm looking fer a hobo dat stole an overcoat in de next town yesterday. I 'm a detective."

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE CO.

JOHN A. McCALL, PRESIDENT.

BALANCE SHEET, JANUARY 1, 1904.

ASSETS.

Government, State, City, County and other Bonds (market value, $250,140,939), cost value, Dec. 31, 1903,		$247,994,383
(The Company does not include in its Assets the excess of total market value of Bonds over total cost value.)		
Bonds and Mortgages (455 first liens),		24,531,774
Deposits in Banks, at interest,		22,126,134
Loans to Policy-holders on Policies as security (reserve value thereof, $40,000,000),		28,502,073
Real Estate, 24 pieces (including twelve office buildings, valued at $10,990,000),		12,725,000
Loans on Bonds (market value, $6,522,660),		5,280,000
Quarterly and Semi-Annual Premiums not yet due, reserve charged in Liabilities,		3,603,777
Premium Notes on Policies in force (Legal Reserve to secure same, $5,000,000),		3,139,284
Premiums in transit, reserve charged in Liabilities,		2,563,950
Interest and Rents accrued,		2,185,672
Total Assets (No stocks of any kind owned or loaned upon),		**$352,652,047**

LIABILITIES.

Policy Reserve (per certificate of New York Insurance Dept.), Dec. 31, 1903,		$300,090,347
All other Liabilities on Policies, Annuities, Endowments, &c., awaiting presentation for payment,		5,456,654
Reserve on Policies which the Company voluntarily sets aside in excess of the State's requirements,	$6,859,193	
Reserve to provide Dividends payable to Policy-holders during 1904, and thereafter, as the periods mature:		
To holders of 20-Year Period Policies,	23,539,923	
To holders of 15-Year Period Policies,	6,991,284	
To holders of 10-Year Period Policies,	477,607	
To holders of 5-Year Period Policies,	375,002	
To holders of Annual Dividend Policies,	830,915	
Reserve to provide for all other contingencies,	8,031,122	
Total,		47,105,046
Total Liabilities		**$352,652,047**

INCREASE IN ASSETS DURING THE YEAR, $29,811,147

INCOME, 1903.

New Premiums,	$16,235,782	
Renewal Premiums,	57,146,392	
TOTAL PREMIUMS,		$73,382,174
Interest Receipts from:		
Bonds owned,	$9,915,238	
Mortgage loans,	1,069,639	
Loans to Policy-holders, secured by Policies,	1,578,488	
Bank Deposits and Collateral Loans,	806,999	
TOTAL INTEREST RECEIPTS,		13,370,364
Rents from Company's properties,		930,947
Profits realized on Securities sold during the year,		274,454
Deposits on account of Registered Bond Policies, etc.,		311,592
Total Cash Income,		**$88,269,531**

DISBURSEMENTS, 1903.

Paid for Death-Claims ($16,860,082), Endowments ($4,305,941), and Annuities ($1,686,696),	$22,852,719
Paid for Dividends ($5,339,292) Surrender Values ($6,412,236) and other Payments ($65,767) to Policy-holders,	11,817,295
Commissions and all other payments to agents $7,164,180 (on New Business of year *$326,658,236); Medical Examiners' Fees $748,418, and Inspection of Risks $164,004,	8,076,601
Home and Branch Office Expenses, Taxes, Legal Fees, Advertising, Equipment Account, Telegraph, Postage, Commissions on $1,418,554,663 of Old Business and Miscellaneous Expenditures,	10,136,844
TOTAL DISBURSEMENTS,	$52,883,459
Balance for Reserves—Excess of Income over Disbursements for year,	35,386,072
Total Disbursements and Balance for Reserves,	**$88,269,531**

**The New Business of 1903, which was $23,860,007 more than that of 1902, was secured at a lower expense rate.*

New Business Paid for in 1903 (171,118 Policies), $326,658,236
GAIN IN 1903 (15,678 Policies) $23,860,007.

Total Paid-for Insurance in force (812,711 Policies), $1,745,212,899
GAIN IN 1903 (108,144 Policies) $191,584,873.

"THE SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor. 22d St. Only Salesroom in Greater New York.

YOU CAN tell a good deal about a small town by the kind of ice cream they serve when they have company.—*Washington Democrat.*

"Oh be Jolly"

P. B. Ale

$1.50 per dozen pints.

ACKER, MERRALL & CONDIT COMPANY
New York Agents.

Pears'

Its least virtue is that it lasts so.

Soap is for comfort and cleanliness.

Pears' soap cleanliness—perfect cleanliness and comfort.

Sold all over the world.

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Groom.—How do you mean?

Bride.—That 's to pay for my divorce if it should ever be necessary.—*Philadelphia Press.*

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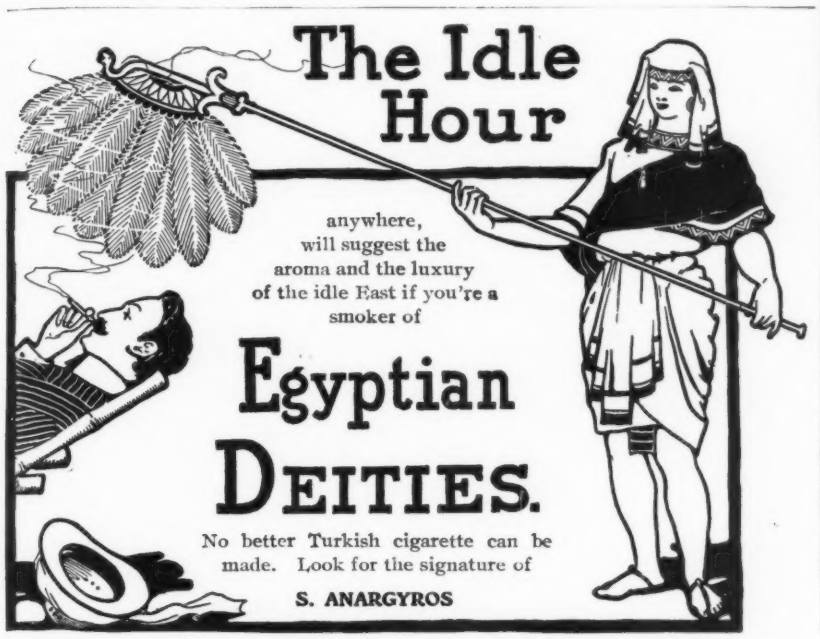

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AD INFINITUM.

MRS. ASCUM.—I 'm surprised to find you looking for another servant. I thought you engaged one yesterday.

MRS. HIRAM OFFEN.—Oh! she 's a lady's maid. She merely waits on me. I 'm looking for another one to wait on her.—*Cath. Standard and Times.*

EXPENSIVE.

TOWNE.—I understand Melba was engaged to appear at a swell musicale recently and she got one thousand dollars for only one song.

BROWNE.—Ah! I think I understand now what my wife meant when she said she got that last bonnet of hers for a mere song.—*Philadelphia Press.*

A HABIT.

"What 's de matter wif Mistuh Erastus Pinkly?" said Uncle Rasberry. "He don' seem to be doin' no work at all, no mo'."

"No," answered Mr. Jim Colliflower. "He heard 'bout de prodigal son one time, an' he tried it his'se'f. An' it turned out so satisfactory dat he ain' been doin' nuffin' but takin' encores ever since."—*Washington Star.*

HOW WOULD you like to be a barber that men patronized only on Saturday night when the other shops are crowded?—*Washington Democrat.*

THE woman was doing her shopping. The counterjumper handed her a package and she slowly turned away.

"Do I need anything else?" she absent-mindedly asked.

"You have just bought some lawn," ventured the clerk. "Don't you think you will need some hose?"—*Princeton Tiger.*

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Blow me out my linen duster,
Lawd knows
I froze—
I clean froze up in Dixie!

He sift de snow, en de sleet he slingin'—
Col' night win' lak a witch a-singin',
Lawd knows
I froze—
I clean froze up in Dixie!

Lawd, stop de col', en de row it 's raisin'—
Lan' us safe whar de hot sun blazin',
Lawd knows
I froze—
I clean froze up in Dixie!
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

MISUNDERSTOOD.

"Say, I wish you 'd let me have—"
"Can't do it, my boy. I 'm—"
"A few moments of your time."
"Sure."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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WHEN a man gets past sixty, seventy looks young to him.—*Wash. Democrat.*

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A BUDDING HUMORISTESS.

MAMA.—There, Gladys! Don't be so very, very boisterous!

SMALL GLADYS.—I ain't boisterous, Mama; I am just a little girlsterous!

You may stand the bottle
upside down,
Or lay it on its side;
Or shake it up, or shake it down,
It stays the same inside.
Evans' Ale

THE SWIFT TIME.

How fast the time is flying!
But watch out for your chance,
And when you hear the music,
Just whirl into the dance!
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

HOW IT WOULD SURPRISE US.

"It would be funny if, as the poet suggests, we could 'see ourselves as others see us.'"

"Yes; but it would n't seem at all funny if we knew as much about ourselves as some of our neighbors know about us."—*Philadelphia Press.*

A SENSE OF RIGHT AND WRONG.

"Don't you think it is wrong for your husband to bet on horse races?" said the prudent woman.

"It is, very frequently," answered young Mrs. Torkins. "The trouble is that you can't tell when until after the race is run, and then it 's too late."—*Washington Star.*

HIS EXPERIENCE.

That "money talks," I 'll not deny,
May be quite true;
But it more often says "Good-bye"
Than "How-dy-do."
—*Philadelphia Press.*

THE amateur cocktail mixer is a greater bore than the amateur cook.
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Of men who turn poetic lines!
For some make poet laureates,
And some must write the valentines.
—*Washington Star.*

MEN who make a business of religion are not likely to make a religion of business.—*Ram's Horn.*

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FOXY.

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